GGUSES PEAGHER.

ng Boy Says Miss Scouler Struck Him.

ne Admits Punishing Him, but Denies His Charge.

Frederick Cromberger, a pupil of the Forrest Avenue School, East Williamsburg, is dying. His teacher, Miss Jennie E. Scouler, was arrested on Wednesday, charged with having inflicted the injury which it is feared will kill him. She was charged with simple assault, and Justice Brust, of Maspeth, held her in \$200 ball for trial. The bond was furnished by Gus Polack, who is an East Williamsburg grocer and a trustee of that school district, Today an effort will be made to have the bond increased.

Frederick's father, Charles Cromberger, is a gardener living in East Williamsburg, which is known to the Postal Department as Metropolitan and to the Long Island Railway as Bushwick Junction. Charles Cromberger came to this country from Germany when Frederick was six months old, and as the latter was a sickly infant he was left in the care of his grandmother in Germany. The grandmother came over six years ago and brought Frederick. She lives at Forrest avenue, near the district school, and Frederick has lived there, with occasional visits to his father's home and to his sunt, Mrs. Lizzle Englestetter, who lives on Columbia avenue in Maspeth.

Said She Used a Ruler. Three weeks ago, on Thursday, Frederick went to the house of his nunt while his grandmother was away on a visit. He complained of feeling ill, and said his teacher, Miss Scouler, had struck him on the right side of the head with the sharp edge of a ruler because he had dropped his pencil while standing in line to march out of the room at the noon recess. Mrs. Englestetter told him she believed he had deserved the willyping, and sent him back to school on Friday, but when he returned she saw that he was Ill, and he still complained of a pain in his head, due, he claimed, to the blow inflicted by his teacher.

Mrs. Englesteter put the boy to bed and gave him such attention as she could. On Sunday he had periods of mild delirium, and on Monday, as he was distinctly worse, Dr. Vincent E. Judson was called.

The boy's temperature continued high and he had more frequent attacks of delirium, and called for "my Lizzle," in which way he had always addressed his aunt. To his mother, his grandmother and aunt, when conscious and when delirious, he repeated the story he had told of having been struck with a ruler on the head by Miss Scouler.

As the days went by and Frederick grew treadily worse, Dr. G. W. Brunner, of No. 63 Wilson street. Brooklyn, who is the inglestetier's family physician, replaced or. Judson in charge of the case. The loctors have never consulted concepning he case ret, but the following certificates how they are in substantial agreement as the cause of the boy's condition. The Dr. Judson and was written beore his retirement from the case:

Dr. Judson's Certificate.

This will certify that Englested. went to the house of his aunt while his

Dr. Judson's Certificate.

VINCENT E. JUDSON, M. D. Attending Physician.

vation two days:

This is to certify that Frederick Cromstege, aged fourteen years, of East Will-mashing, is suffering from the effects of a say severe blow on the head, which he laims was administered by his teacher, a fiss Scouler, of the District School, on correct avenue, East Williamsburg.

G. W. BRUNNER.

thin was withinstered by the scales, and the state of the

er sald after his last visit to the

Miss Margaret Lindley's Reformed Gostume.

A T a recent meeting of the Woman's Health Culture Club, of Brooklyn, the object of which was to begin a vigorous attack against the present length of women's skirts, Miss Margaret Lindley appeared in one of the reformed costumes. It consisted of a short skirt, buttoned on the sides and escaping the ground | his clerk was out. about eight inches. Beneath it bloomers were worn. A jaynty Eton jacket of the same material, which only half hid a stylish shirt waist, completed the suit. Her

iers, whose failure four years ago created a

brige and Miss L. N. Platt, of Philadel-phin; Miss Irene Tracy, of New York; Mrs. Sessions, of Brooklyn, and Miss Sanford, of Troy, N. Y.

SAN PEDRO CAPTURED.

LOVE'S MISSVIE ASTRAY.

Mrs.—Got One Meant for the Glerk's Sweetheart.

She Sought an Explanation and Met a Mystified Girl.

"Hello! is this Breen's?"

"Well, put Breen on here." "Is this you Breen?"

"Well, harry a boy around to my house Write a note and tell her to get dinner early, and dress for the theatre. I will be

up with tickets." "All right." "Thank you." "You're welcome."

Druggist Breen hung up the telephone receiver, sat down at his desk and wrote a note to his customer's wife. Eddle Strong, his clerk, had just finished a loving letter to his best girl, which he stuffed in his inside coat pocket. The precious missive was in one of the firm's envelopes and had not been addressed.

"Here, Ed! Hurry around with this note to Mr. Rodaa's house. He lives at No. 213 West One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street," said Breen.

The letter was not addressed. Ed tucked it away in his pocket and started from the drug store at One Hundred and Thirty-

fifth street and Seventh avenue. The note was delivered in person to Mrs. Rodan. She opened it and rend the following:

My Darling Laura: Please forgive me for writing this mean little note this afternoon. But love, how lonesome I feel! How gladly in hear the street of the street was for my heart yearns for you. It makes me feel good to write to you. Oh! how I wish you were with me. I will do my best to win your love, sweet one. I think only of you, dearest. Please may I stop now. I wish your sweet little hand was on my head and your head on my shoulder,

It was just about half an hour later when Mrs. Rodaa arrived at the drug store armed with the letter. She was indeed very

Ed had addressed the other letter and sent it by a little boy to his girl. Ed's Miss Lindley, who is a widely known teacher of physical culture, is an ardent advocate of clipping the petitionts.

The read his own letter and bished selves somewhat of the cumbersome load of akirts they now went.

SEEKS HER MUSBAND.

The Bach Says She Believes His Sisters Are Keeping Secreted from Her.

The helit of Isabella Bach, wife of Meyer Bach, one of a firm of four brotters, cloth-line of a farm of four brotters, cloth-line of the and brighter if they would rid them a depocration. But Ed arrived by her sister, Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. Fergus son were to Brooklyn four months ago. According to the story told by her sister, Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. Fergus son were to Brooklyn four months ago. According to the story told by her sister. Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. Fergus son were to Brooklyn four months ago. So we was now they all be sold when the distribution of the bar string to explain they are a farm of the distribution of the story content in the a farm of the farm of the story cloth when a modest little girl appeared. Edd not understand. She came forward and the maid not right into the trouble. She had Mr. Breen's server of the house in th

CORRIDOR AND

WO women, fashlonably attired, on Thursday evening drew the attention of the sexton of St. Franc'is Xavler's Church to a bundle at the foot of the stone steps (marked with a cross) which lead to the basement entrance of that edifice in West Sixteenth s treet. Then they borried away in the night. The

police would like to have them return and tell what they know about the contents of the bundle, which proved to be a healthy, pink-checked baby boy about ten

Cays old. The baby is now in Be llevue Hospit I, where it is cared for by Marron

BASEMENT OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CHURCH WHERE THE CHILD WAS FOUND

BELLEVUE ~



Van Biene Proposed to Ker by Phonograph.

was the first to argue 1 If Miss Pauline Fletcher becomes Mrs. Auguste Van Biene and moves from New York to Berlin, the phonograph will be responsible. Miss Fletcher is an actress—a tail, blonde pretty woman, who does not know peroxide. Van Biene is

a short, round little man, who plays the 'cello.

Miss Fletcher's home is in the far West and she often longs for her native prairie. So when Van Biene played "Home Sweet Home" on his 'celle she thought it the finest music she had ever heard. The 'celle made them acquaintances. Severni suppers and strolls through the park made them friends, and then-But let the phonograph speak for Itself.

Pauline was continually asking Auguste to play "Home Sweet Home" for her."
"Pil play it in a phonograph," said he, "While I am thinking only of you.
Then you can hear it whenever you like."

The next day Miss Fletcher was invited to hear the familiar time. Van Blene touched the spring of the instrument while the actress poised herself prettily near it, all attention.

"Through pleasures and palaces-"began the phonograph in music.

"Oh Pauline, how heautiful you are—" the machine continued.

Miss Fletcher looked astonished and a faint color rose in her cheeks. 'Wherever I roam," continued the instrument.

"Ah darling with what grace you leaned over the balcony as Juliet to-night." "Be it ever so humble."

"Oh that I were a glove upon thy hand that I might touch thy cheek-" "There's no place like home."

"Never have I loved as I loce now, never-"

"Oh, darling, I--"

James Fairman, Mrs. Jane. Pier The words of a proposal of marriage, even though they were spoken into a phonograph, will not be given. Van Blene's bashfulvess was overcome, but Miss Fletcher would not say last night whether she was engaged to him or not. George Eugene Poole and Mrs.

facts in a few days.

DEAD AND UNKNOWN.

A Woman Found in a Cheap Hotel Asphixiated from Gas She Had Turnen On. She was a little woman, scorcely thirty

years of age, who was found dead in bed in room No. 20 of the Bellwood Hotel, at Twenty-fourth street and Third avenue, yesterday afternoon. At 10 o'clock Thursday night she entered the place with a man who registered as "Ben. Hall and wife." At 6:30 o'clock yesterday morning the man left the hotel. Jane Ellis, a maid, detected the odor of gas from room No. 20 at 4:40 o'clock in the afternoon. She notified the

o'clock in the afternoon. She notified the proprietor of the hotel, William Connair. He forced the door and found the woman dead in bed, partly dressed. She had been dead probably one hour. The keyhole was staffed with paper. The unlighted gas burner was turned on full and the room was full of gas. She was a sulcide.

The woman was poorly dressed. In a cheap pocketbook were found numerous scraps of paper on which were these names and addresses. Morris Goldwater, No. 884 Grand street; H. C. Liddell, no street number, no city given; Mr. A. Winslow Leighton, No. 215 York street, New Haven; Charles A. Taylor, in care of James Adams, No. 40 Sixth avenue, city; Harry Raymond, New Haven; Danlel F. McGuire, No. 58 Broad street, New Haven; Mrs. Brown, No. 70 Grand street, city; Joseph Brooks, No. 18 Thomat street, city; Joseph Brooks, No. 18 Thomat street, city; J. B., Roberts, Hartford, Conn.

In the pocketbook was a scrap of paper

This Pretty Little Baby Was Abandoned by Somebody.



Next St.

ns an essel

develop in'

ing happiness.

Last, but not

men as an aver educational matte

At the close of he.

into immediate discu

"The trouble is," said she, our children to be brilliant. It, the most important factor is in

what their talent is and allowi

Mrs. George Eugene Poole s

kindergarten system and was Mrs. Cornelia Robinson. Mrs.

spoke of education as a means

"We learn a little of this and a I' that and come out with an accum of consensical ideas," she said.

Mrs. Robinson got up again and re

in answer to a question:
"It is the underlying philosoph,

kindergarten system that it does ere

satisfaction among the children, a

that very thing that brings about a

tion in the homes of the poor. The

emand something better, and in

It has been proposed that the ass

ask the Mayor to appoint a wome

the parents rise to the occasion."







